

A  
 REVIEW  
 OF THE  
 STATE  
 OF THE  
 BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, November 25. 1708.

**W**ELL, Gentlemen, has GOD trusted you with more Victories, and have the *French* noos'd themselves again? Let us pray the Duke of *Marlborough*, that a speedy Peace may not follow; for what will become of us? If that fatal Thing call'd Peace abroad, should happen, we shall certainly be all undone.

The Fellow's mad, *says one*; he's raving, *says another*; quite out of his Sences, *says a third*; he has talk'd so long with his mad Man, *says another*, that he is grown Lunatick himself—Not a Peace! What are we fighting for? What has our long, bloody, and expensive War in View but a Peace? And how often has this very *Review* and a late Author differ'd about that Point, and the *Review* always asserted, that Peace was

the only and chief End of the War? What can be the Meaning of this new Whymfie of his, that now we must not have a Peace?

Well, Gentlemen, I am not so mad as you imagine for all that, and my *Explication* shall be very short and plain; No Man wishes for a happy End of those bloody, terrible, destructive Wars, more than the Author of this Paper; a safe, a well-grounded, an honourable Peace, *O that we had it*—Not otherwise neither. But my Discourse turning another Way, let me ask you an ill-natur'd Question; if we should have Peace abroad, before we have Peace at home—What Posture shall we be in to entertain it, and what shall we do with it?

I thank GOD, I have so little Concern in our new-fashion'd Contentions, and the Variety of Divisions rising among us, that I profess not to understand the true Foundation of them, nor Design of the Parties in them. It is above three Years ago, ever since N<sup>o</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> of the second Volume of this Work; that I have spent in many a Paper, and us'd all the Power of Argument I could bring together to persuade you all to Peace, to agree in Parties, unite in Councils, and joyn Hand-in-Hand in Methods, as you did already in Interests——And I cannot but observe, that some People who gave me publick Thanks for my sincere Endeavours that way, and told me, I had done great Service by it; that did me the Honour in a Body to compliment me on that Performance, and made me print five Thousand of that *Review* to be sent all over the Nation to move us to Peace, and paid me very frankly for them; these very Gentlemen are angry and affronted now at being press'd to unite, and exhort'd to Peace, and very plentifully they have bestow'd their *Lower Tire*, as the Seamen call it, upon the Author, for meddling on this Head.

And who are their Confederates in this? The *High Flying* Gentlemen come in with it gladly, for Peace is not their Talent, nor at present their Interest. Indeed I talk'd so long about Peace, that One was pleas'd to compare it to the Chattering of the Magpye, and banter'd the poor *Review* with his Repetitions of Peace, Peace.

*Illis sub Montibus erant, & erant sub Montibus illis.*

And yet after all, in your Peace at that Time consist'd your Safety, in your uniting of Parties consist'd the Victory over persecuting Projects; the joyning of Court and Whig, how did it hiss the Tackers off of the Stage, and bring Principles of Liberty into both Houses, where Persecution had bid fair for the Ruin of us all? Pray, Gentlemen, will you examine a little, where were you all a-going at the last Session of that Parliament? And after all, when all the *Low Church* and *Dissenter*, Court and Country, *Whig* in Places and *Whig* out of Places,

were all joyn'd together, had you not Difficulty enough to cast out this Devil?——And did any thing but uniting of Parties do it? Did not your State-Madness dye in the Nation, just as fast as these uniting Principles grew up and reviv'd? And where are we now going? Is the Party you united against so small? Is the Foundation they stand upon so weak? Is their Vigilance so abated, their Designs so harmless, and above all, is your Superiority so small, that you are sure if you divide again, you can keep them out? Are you sure, a Party-Division now will not open the Gap, and let in the *Tory*, the *Jacobite*, and the *High Flying* Herds of Vultures upon you again? For GOD's Sake, Gentlemen, and for your Country's Sake, consider, whither you are going, what you are about to do, and to what new Distresses you may bring the Righteous Cause of LIBERTY and TRUTH, by your projected Schemes; then think but what a Season this is for Division, what Struggles you have abroad, and what more dangerous Enemies at home, and how your uniting at home has reduc'd them both; look but back upon the Time since you last united, all your Victories over France, all your Successes in the Field, they have kept exact Time with your uniting at home, you cast out your French Devil and your High-Flying Devil both together; your Victory at *Blenheim*, was it not the first Fruits of your Victory over Tackers and Hair-brain'd States-Men? No sooner had we a Revolution in our State-Politicks, and her Majesty had remov'd the Ac... ed from the publick Management, but Victory foreseeing we must prevall, and being a Friend to Union, came over to us immediately; Were the French ever beaten before? Had we any thing but Defeats abroad, and betraying Councils at home, and the growing Power of our Enemies fill'd us with daily Discouragements and Disappointments? But as soon as your State mad Men were lay'd by, and sent home to talk formal Non-sence by themselves, that they could dedicate their Hours to *Songsters*, and *Snuff*, without dozing the Nation; that all the Parties of honest-meaning People joyn'd Hands to depose Tackers and Projectors of Ty.



Tyranny. How did the Face of Things change, and the Prosperity of the Nation with her Peace came Hand-in-Hand in View? — Next, let us look into Scotland; how many sham Unions, and preposterous Treaties, have been set on Foot between the Kingdoms to bring that wild Chymera call'd a Union upon the Stage — And all like half form'd Embryo's, as they were, prov'd monstrous in Conception, and abortive in Birth, O Nature! How just art thou to the great Law of thy Original, viz. That every thing should be multiplied and brought forth according to its Kind? How should Division bring forth Union? How should jarring Parties conceive any thing but Confusion? How should Courts full of Corruption, a Ministry of Popery, Perjury, and Debauchery, Kings studying their Peoples Destruction, and spending the Life-Blood, I mean, the Treasure of the Nation upon Whores and Sodomites? How should these tend to the uniting of Nations, and the consolidating general Interests? — O Scotland, Scotland, what have you to be thankful for, that the Union, or some Sham call'd Union, was not patch'd up in those Days? Where had your Presbyterian Church been, and how had you for ever been clench'd down under unalterable Tyranny, and your so much abhor'd Prelacy? — But of that hereafter — Mean time let it be observ'd to the Honour of our uniting at home, and to the Praise of those Politicks that managed it; that just as soon as Parties at home united in either Kingdom — The General Union approach'd — In Scotland it had been impracticable, had not some Parties united, that never could joyn Hands before in England, had not an hundred Thousand favourable Conjunctions happen'd, speaking figuratively, it had never been brought into so much as a probable Prospect; but just as Parties united in the Nations, the Nations drew towards a general Union with one another.

Thus, Gentlemen, all our National Blessings spring from our uniting Parties at home, and suppressing, casting out and deposing a Spirit of Division and Contention among us — Whither then are ye going, you Men of Strife, that are falling to-

gether by the Ears with your Friends; or that say you are, for, I cannot but hope these Gentlemen talk more than they mean, what is it you seek? What End do you propose, what EQUIVALENT can you give us for the Nations Peace, what Reparation can you make for her Breaches, what better Foundation can you place us upon, than what we now stand upon? — Let us hear your long Speeches upon that Head, and let all the fine Things propos'd to us, by dividing us, be brought forth, that we may compare them with the Evils which we feel, and choose the least.

Redressing Grievances cannot be the Subject; the Queen denies you nothing you can ask.

Detecting Male Administration cannot be the Subject; the Queen protects no Favourites against the Law.

Betraying Councils cannot be the Subject; bring forth the Criminals, and let the Nation see them.

What can we divide about then — that the wisest Man can say, is worth the Risque of a National Division? If the Interest is the same, why should we not meet one another in granting and yielding, in redifying and resting satisfy'd; the Question is not now Court and Country, IN Place or OUT of Place, a Party UP or a Party DOWN — But it is French or British, 'tis Queen ANNE the Nations Darling, or a Popish French Pretender; 'tis the Protectress of Truth and Liberty, or the Invaders of our Peace and Destroyers of the Nation; 'tis the Sovereignty of the Law over Arbitrary Tyrants, or the Dispensing our Laws, and Tacking Liberty and Persecution together. For GOD's Sake, Gentlemen, how can you divide in such a Case as this? Can you pursue Parties, and carry on the Game of Interests at the Price of the publick Safety? Can you push Personal Pique and private Resentments at the Hazard of the general Peace? Cursed be this Wrath for it is fierce, this Anger for it is cruel; 'tis Cruel to your Country, Cruel to your Posterity, Cruel to your selves, and Cruel to your Queen; whose Peace, whose Comfort, and whose Satisfaction is but too much wrapt up in your Safety, and too much depends upon your